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JUDGE JAMES M. CROSSON.

THE LAST OF THE ANTE-BELLUM LAWYERS OF NEWBERRY.

He Writes an Interesting Letter of Newberry and its People Years Ago—The Judge Now Resides in Paris, Texas.

We are glad to publish the following letter which will be of interest to all Newberryans from Judge J. M. Crosson, who is the last of the Ante-Bellum lawyers of Newberry. He left Newberry 46 years ago, and is making his home in Paris, Texas. His son, Thomas Y. Crosson is now a judge, living at Bellinger, Texas. The old judge is now 78 years of age, and is as gay and fond of fun as when a jolly young lawyer fifty years ago in Newberry. He is still talked about in his old native town.

Paris, Texas, February 2, 1902.

Four years ago, wife and I sitting side by side, as we are now, I wrote to The Herald and News that we were looking out of the "western windows" of life. We are still looking that way—only nearer, (wife 72 years old, I in my 78th year) "waiting till the angels open wide the mystic gate." Just now I said to her, that we were as happy as two terrapins sitting on a log in spring sunshine! She said nay! but as two doves, sitting on a limb cooing for spring.

"We have had playmates, in our youthful days; our joyful school days!" "A—nearly all, all gone, the old familiar faces!"

"Over the river, they beckon to us."

My wife has but two schoolmates in the town of Newberry; that delightfully interesting and intelligent lady, Mrs. Laura Ewart, that excellent and good lady, Mrs. Harriet Lane. I have none; all my class at Erskine gone; of 40 in my class in South Carolina College, I learn that only four beside myself are alive, viz: Capt. L. Williams, Greenville, Dr. A. G. Fuller, Laurens, Hon. W. F. B. Haynesworth, Sumter, and Dr. J. H. Carlisle, Spartanburg. Oh! how often we think of the "dear souls who have crossed the infinite sea."

"How strange the scheme of things, how brief a span,

"The little life of man;

"And ever we mark them, fleet and more fleet,

"The days and months and years, gliding with winged feet."

I find South Carolinians wherever I go, and if there is a Newberry man I find him. In the company I raised in 1861, there were 21 from South Carolina, nine of them from Newberry, or their fathers were. Five were McCormicks, all nephews, or grand-nephews of David Reid. 1st Lieutenant David Reid McCormick was killed February, '62; Willie McCormick was killed March, '62. The others were James, Samuel and Henry. Three of them were grandsons of that jolly, good old man, Henry Boozor, who lived near my Uncle Sam Spence's. He used to say he had twenty-one children and that all were girls but twenty. Jno. T. Poe's mother was a McCormick and so was J. F. Peter's wife, who often talked to me about Newberry. There also were two others, O. E. and W. O. Allen, grandson, of Johnny Thwait, whose praying and fighting powers are stated in the Annals of Newberry, pp. 86 and 87. They were all splendid fellows. Also W. B. DeWalt, a grandson of old Taplow Harris and a kind Christian gentleman.

Among the odd characters of long ago was Tom Meeks, who was one of the 2,500 impressed sailors during the war of 1812, claiming to be American citizens and refusing to fight against their country, were imprisoned in Dartmoor prison, in Devonshire, England, and were kept till the close of the war. He always carried with him a little model of a ship. He lived and drank upon the town. His son died in Williams County in Mexican war. Nick Kinard occasionally visited the town and lived for a while as Tom did. He remained in town one time too long as Tom thought; he took Nick by the arm and led him to the top of the hill between Capt. Jack Caldwell's and Nathan Hunter's and dis-

missed him saying that he (Tom) was the only one authorized to live upon the town. Nick had some experiences with the courts; while O'Neill was holding court, Nick, full of "bug juice," was boisterous in the court yard; being brought into court, O'Neill as usual, gave him a good, kind temperance talk, telling Nick that he was a good man, and had a good wife and children, that he did not want to jail him. Nick replied, "Now Neall, don't do that." O'Neill said, if you will go home, I'll let you off. Nick said, I'll go, Neall, give me your hand, which O'Neill did, and Nick departed.

At another time Frost was holding his first term, in the fall, and on first day Nick again became uproarious. Frost had him brought up and located him in jail. Just before court adjourned the sheriff suggested to the judge that Nick was in jail. Frost said he had not forgotten him and that he would discharge him the last thing before adjournment. For a long time Nick was teased by the boys saying, that he had been Frost bit early in the season. There were two others that loved a drink, the sons of an old soldier, Fergus and Billie McClelland. Billie was a small round figure and when full would shout, "Fergus's a steamboat and Billie's the biler." Billie perished in the Mexican war, and Fergus died in Newberry County a few years ago.

I see no mention of Capt. Matthew Hall in the Annals. He was a somewhat prominent character; was a member of the legislature, a good auctioneer, and with George Brown, was often preceptor, at Prosperity Second church. Heor Brown lived on the Psalm and led the tunes. I was a kid when I first saw him. Coming from school I got into the road at Maj. Graham's ginhouse and saw Matthew riding a race; he was on a claybank horse. He wrote reminiscences of Newberry, which were interesting to me; he sent me a copy but it was lost in the burning of our house. He was a sensible, good man, if they did joke him saying he mistook the market house for the horse rack and sat down and hung his hat on a beef hook. When he died a good man left us.

Capt. Jim Moore (not mentioned in the annals) an odd character and a writer of rhymes on one occasion, riding hastily from Lexington, being asked the news from the court, replied: the jail was full, the jail yard was crowded with prisoners staked to the trees, and the Comanders and Comminglers had not yet been tried. They were good citizens, but Jim's poetic inspiration thought their names were long and euphonious, and hence he used them.

During the "Crating Club" days, a drink was nailed up in a crate, and rolled up the circular stone steps of the old Court House and down on the other side, and then taken to the "Curl Hole" in front of the jail, where the public spring branch turned to the creek, and emptied therein.

I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Welch of Houston, but he ranks very high as an educator; but when I am in Houston I always have a cosy chat with that excellent young man, R. A. Welch; he is always so kind to me.

My kinsman J. G. Martin is also doing well, and my kinsman Dr. S. C. Red, ranks No. 1, as a physician in Houston, so does his brother W. S. Red, as a Presbyterian preacher. At Woodville this fall I met my oldest daughter, Bettie Pope Slade, who is as full of life, fun and energy as when I wrote you four years ago.

But ah! that splendid fellow Sam Kennerly, is now County Attorney, and a good one, and has a bay window in front and is in fact, physically an Expansionist.

J. Z. Connerly had cancer and smallpox and the good old man died this fall. Some few years ago, as I stepped into my office I was introduced to Dr. Robert Harrington and I asked him if he was kin to the Newberry Harringtons, he put his finger to his nose, and said Y. J. was his uncle. He has a daughter living in this city, quite an intelligent lady, and every inch a Harrington, the Dr. a good man died not long since. His

daughter Mrs. Proctor and her Aunt Mrs. Mary Brooks Magee live together. Mrs. Magee is a daughter of Mrs. Dorothy Ann Wadlington, wife of Dr. Jeff Edmonds whom I knew in Newberry many years ago. Mrs. Magee says her mother was a cousin to Mrs. Dorothy Brooks Pratt, so lovingly remembered by all who knew her. Mrs. Magee was named after Mary Brooks Wadlington who married Minor W. Groove, and who was for a long while a leading and prosperous merchant in your town. Mrs. Magee is a very intelligent and interesting old lady and the widow of a veteran of the Texas Revolution.

I lately met W. Hayne Leavel, D. D.; he looked remarkably well and is greatly loved by his congregation. I also met Judge Wilson, grandson of Elder Jimmie Wilson. I look in a few years to see him on the supreme bench.

I also lately met Judge Henderson, a grandson of Newberry (of Samuel Red). He is now on the Court of Criminal appeals.

Since writing the foregoing I have had a real glad time, meeting Rev. B. B. Ramage and his charming wife, and I think we all enjoyed the meeting. He resembles his mother, a lovely woman. He is a sound, strong, solid man, and greatly esteemed by his flock at Ft. Worth; has pleasant cheerful manners. His wife is an accomplished, beautiful woman, and no wonder with her bright beautiful eyes and winning manners, she captured B. B.

What jolly times we used to have picnicing at O'Neill's Mill, boating, fishing, couples straying off and talking lovingly. There I first inquired of my wife, would she be my bean and she answered not, no.

Once a set of beautiful young ladies were enjoying a boat ride below the mill in a flat bottomed boat, among them Miss Mary Boyd (a cousin of C. F. Boyd and my second cousin) as handsome as young ladies get to be, the boat was about sinking, when the writer to show his gallantry jumped out into the water, it was waist deep, and pretending to push the boat to shore, held it until it sank. It was delicious to hear them scream. Here I met Wist. Gary; his father was John Gary and a descendant of Wist. Gary. His mother was Eliza Wadlington the daughter of Warner Wadlington. I have spent many pleasant hours with him and his interesting wife; he is quite an intelligent man.

But enough; Good bye dear old Newberry. J. M. Crosson.

P. S.—Some day if agreeable I'll give you an account of a trial in Justices court at Frog Leavel, in which Esq. Bowers and myself were the justices and some Texas court scenes.

J. M. C.

"OUT OF THE WOODS."

The President's Statement in regard to His Son.

Groton, Feb. 13.—This afternoon President Roosevelt, accompanied by Dr. Lambert, came over to the Powell cottage, the newspaper headquarters, to personally meet the reporters and correspondents who had been in Groton since Sunday. He was in extremely good spirits as he shook each man by the hand and said a hearty word to each. He said:

"I want to thank you boys for the consideration which you have showed myself and my family and for all the courtesies which have been extended to me by the press. There has been such a sudden change in Ted that he has come up all of a sudden, and he is now out of the woods."

Continuing he said: "Alice will come over from Washington tomorrow to take my place, to a certain extent, while Mrs. Roosevelt will remain here perhaps ten days more. Then when Ted is in condition she will take him to the white house for a while, but he will return here and continue his studies."

While referring to the illness of the boy and some of the games which he was fond of playing, the president said:

"You know Ted broke his collar bone last fall playing football and Mrs. Roosevelt said she was very thankful for that as she considered that it insured him against breaking his neck."

SKETCHES OF ARMY LIFE.

Interesting Incidents of the Civil War Related by "X Con. Fed," A Member of Third S. C. Regiment.

We left Atlanta the next day for Bragg's army. We were greeted with enthusiasm all along the line and in fact it was a continued cheering from Richmond to Chickamauga. At Acworth we were delayed for some time and this scribe had quite a nice time with the young ladies.

When we passed through the tunnel, now Tunnel Hill, Ga., I was sitting on top of the first car, next to the tender. By the time we got through the tunnel I was nearly dead, but the fresh air soon revived me, but I would never go through another tunnel on top of a car. We stopped at Tunnel Hill and had some foot racing. There were some apple trees loaded down with fruit about 200 yards from the station. Several of the boys made a break for the apples. Col. Nance told the engineer to move forward. He blew the whistle and moved forward and there was a foot race to catch the train.

The train was stopped and the boys got on and although we stayed there some time the apples were not bothered. We left the train some distance below Tunnel Hill and on the 19th of September were hurried toward Chickamauga. We were marching on after dark. It was very dusty and we could not see our file leaders for the dust. People who have never lived in a limestone country can't imagine how dusty the country can get in time of a drought.

On the morning of September 20, 1863, we crossed Chickamauga Creek and soon formed in line of battle. Just after we had formed a Federal Colonel came galloping up and said to hurry up as the Confederates were pushing them badly. He was told that we would take charge of him. He looked up and saw the Confederate battle flag and surrendered at once. We marched forward to the firing line. Here occurred one of the strange things that occur sometimes on the battlefield. We met Gen. Law's Brigade going to the rear. Gen. Law could not stop them. They were not running, did not seem to be demoralized, but were simply going back. They had captured some pieces of cannon and were carrying them back with them, "pulling them by hand." Gen. Law asked Gen. Kershaw to try to stop his troops. We tried to stop them but it was of no use. They knocked up our guns and passed through our lines. General Law asked General Kershaw what he was going to do. Charge the Yankees was the Gen. Kershaw's reply. We advanced and received one of the most deadly volleys ever fired on us. Our line staggered like a drunken man, then closed up and at them we went. We drove them to the top of Snodgrass Hill, but could not drive them any further. There was a large space between us and the 7th regiment on our right. We went in with about 400 men, and were reduced to 96 men. The 2d regiment suffered as much as we did. We were at the foot of the hill and Col. Nance sent a courier to Gen. Kershaw. He was killed, Col. Nance sent another and he was killed. Col. Nance then asked Lt. Hunter to take charge of the regiment for a few minutes and ran to the right to see Gen. Kershaw. Lieut. Watts of the Laurens Bries, thinking that Col. Nance was killed, brought the regiment to attention and moved them back a short distance where they could get protection, and told them to face about and give them hell. Col. Nance came up at this time and told us we must hold the position. The yankees thought we were done for, and commenced to huzzah and down they came upon us, but they were the worse surprised yankees on the continent. We reserved our fire until they got nearly on us. We gave them a solid volley, and those that were left did some good running indeed. Other troops came up and one of the Generals asked Kershaw to send in his troops and he would support us with his troops. Gen. Kershaw told him to take in his troops as they were fresh

and he would support them. Into in the afternoon Gen. Gracie carried in his brigade and an attack was made further on the Federal right and the day was won. The 2d and 3d regiments loss were heavy indeed. I got my third shot in my right leg here, but it was light and I did not leave the field. Before Gen. Gracie carried in his brigade, we had sent one of our company—John Galloway, to the front to keep us posted on the movements of the yankees.

When Gracie's troops got to Galloway a Lieutenant ordered Galloway to go forward with them, this Galloway refused to do. The Lieutenant drew his sword and Galloway stepped back cooked his gun and told the Lieutenant he would kill him if he come any closer and the Lieutenant left him. We captured 40 pieces of cannon that day and Longstreet's corpse captured 30 of them, and Longstreet only had 3 brigades of Hood's Division and 2 brigades of McLaws' division in the fight.

X. Con. Fed.

THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee Meets and Addresses for the Coming Meeting at Georgetown.

[The State, 14th.]

A meeting of the executive committee of the State Press Association was held in the office of President Aull last night at which it was decided to hold the next annual meeting in Georgetown in June, the date to be fixed later. The people of Georgetown have extended a very cordial invitation to the association and Senator Walker and Representative Pyatt met with the committee to arrange for the meeting and to assure the association of the pleasure with which the citizens of Georgetown looked forward to the meeting.

The following list of subjects and those to lead the debate on them were selected:

"How to publish a good newspaper in a small town"—weekly, John Ball Towill, Batesburg Advocate; daily, Hartwell M. Ayer, Florence Times.

"The country editor; a business man or a philanthropist"—James T. Bacon, Edgefield Chronicle.

"The typesetting machine in a small office"—Jas. L. Stopplebein, Spartanburg Headlight.

"How to secure and maintain country correspondence"—J. T. Drew, Darlington Messenger.

"The light and shadows of Newspaper life"—Rev. W. P. Jacobs, Clinton, Our Monthly.

"The tendencies of modern journalism"—H. L. Watson, Greenwood Index.

"The Newspaper as an educator"—J. F. Foshee, News and Herald, Winnsboro.

"How to make a country weekly a financial success"—A. B. Jordan, Dillon Herald.

"The moral responsibility of an editor"—Rev. W. H. Greever, South ern Lutheran, Columbia.

Col. J. H. Estill of the Savannah Morning News was selected as the annual orator and a very complimentary letter of invitation was framed to besent him by the committee expressing their high appreciation of his work for the advancement of journalism.

Besides Col. J. A. Hoyt, who is on the national association executive committee, E. H. Aull, Jas. L. Stopplebein, J. C. Hemphill and F. H. McMaster were chosen to represent the South Carolina Press association at the National Editorial association which meets at Hot Springs, Ark., and adjourns to Charleston to visit the exposition.

The president asks that every member of the association who can attend the meeting let him know that he might give them the appointment to fill any vacancy in the representation.

There were present at the meeting President Aull, Secretary Langston, Gov. McSwain, J. L. Stopplebein and Hartwell M. Ayer.

THE DISPENSARY SYSTEM.

The It is one of the State's Best Schemes in South Carolina Held Up as a Model Example to Georgia.

[Rome, Ga., Tribune.]

Dr. John O. Wilson in the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, of January 29, 1902, writes in a clear, logical, convincing manner of the terrible ruin wrought in South Carolina by the dispensary system.

We commend this article in its entirety to those who would be led by the sophistries of the Floyd dispensary advocates. Only its length precludes reproduction here, but to show the influences of the system in at least two directions the following extracts are given:

"The liquor traffic here has settled down as a matter of politics. This, too, has been natural, but must be increasingly unfortunate. It needs no seal to see that corruption must flow from a political side of the liquor traffic.

"Devoting the liquor profits to education (Heaven save the mark selling drink to educate!) has helped to entrench the dispensary. Half a million dollars reported for education, not yet all available, understand—appeals tremendously on the hustings, instead of a few barroom men being peculiarly interested, the whole population—or most of it—is so interested. When they tell you that removing the liquor traffic from the power of individuals financially interested makes it easier to go forward, tell them they are changing from a tabooed man to a man in place of honor, from a few hundred to many thousands following these honored leaders."

To these statements Dr. W. C. Lovett, editor of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, adds the following powerful endorsement:

"We commend to the advocates of the dispensary the above strong and clear statements from Dr. Wilson. It is the dispensary from the standpoint of a South Carolinian—a man who has seen its beginning, marked its progress and grown sick over the ruin it has wrought.

"You are not meddling in other men's matters on this side of the 'Old Savannah,' Doctor. We gladly welcome such reinforcement to our position. Our people will see, we hope, before it is too late, the unwisdom of surrendering to the dispensary."

What could be added to the above to strengthen it? We commend it to the thinking people who are willing to listen to reason.

REELS COULD VICTIMIZE.

Her Second Buller No. 14, a Sable Coach Bore Worth \$7,000, (upset) Glassess Worth \$150, Marine Glasses Worth \$200, and the Pellet Thinks Other Property not Yet Recovered.

New York, February 13.—Daniel Donovan, known to Miss Helen Gould as John O'Neill, her second butler, was arraigned in a Police Court to day and pleaded guilty of having robbed Miss Gould's residence. He was formally charged with stealing a combination opera and marine glass valued at \$50, but Capt. Titus, of the detective bureau, thinks he may have stolen as much as \$10,000 worth of property.

The robbery took place while Miss Gould was away on her recent tour of the West. The police have thus far recovered the following articles: One Russian sable coach robe, valued at \$7,000, and pawned for \$200; a pair of opera glasses, valued at \$150, and a pair of marine glasses, valued at \$200.

CHILD CREMATED.

Wasa Grandson of Ex President Rutherford Hayes.

Cincinnati, Feb. 13.—The body of a grandson of a president of the United States was reduced to ashes at the crematory in this city today. The child was the son of Rutherford B. Hayes, and bore the name of its illustrious grandfather, Mr. Hayes brought the body from Asheville, N. C., but the mother was too ill to be present.

"TILLMAN IS A POWER."

He is one of the best of Always Partisanary and there is no Elitism here. Every Time he Arrives a Republic is Born.

The Columbus Enquirer-Sun said recently: "Senator Tillman continues to attract attention. However, this so far is about all he has done."

The Savannah Press replies: "The Enquirer-Sun is mistaken. In spite of his roughness Senator Tillman is one of the most influential men in the upper house. Some of his utterances jar the Senators and many of his retrorts are far from courteous. But with all that, Senator Tillman is a power. His pitchfork is feared by all the members. He has done more for South Carolina, measured by practical results, than any man who has been in Congress since the war. It is strange that such tactics should win especially in a body constituted with traditions and hampered by rigid etiquette. But sometimes a man is needed to break through these rules ruthlessly. Ben Tillman is a reformer, some say a fanatic, but when he rises he generally says something. He acts and expresses himself with energy and when he goes to the departments in quest of a naval dock or a postoffice he usually gets what he wants. Charleston has secured, through Senator Tillman, some fat appropriations, and South Carolina occupies a larger place in the public eye than she has in many years. Some of her people are shocked by the asperities of the case. Tillman is not polished or always parliamentary. There are times when the English language fails him in giving expression to his vehement ideas. But he generally has a message and he is not afraid to say it. Tillman is like Sam Jones. He is a man of flesh and blood, and is as fearless as Savanarola and as rigid as Martin Luther. He does not frame his thoughts, with a view of pulling appropriations from the public crib, but he gets them because he is not cringing of truenent. He makes ducks and drakes of the Senate traditions, and when he rises the customs of a hundred years crash like glass windows after a dynamite explosion. But South Carolina can get more with Tillman in the Senate than with the regulation article usually sent there, who is snuffed out by the weight of Senatorial courtesy. There is an Ellenton root every time he arraigns Republican tactics.

"Looking Indian."

Here is a useful suggestion from a Pittsburg paper:

Sombody dropped a stick pin in the hall the other day, and had hard work to find it. She hunted high and low, on her hands and knees, and with a candle proceered for the purpose, but it was no use; the pin was very tiny and unperceivable, its value being that of association rather than size or brilliancy. The somebody, after a final shake of the rugs, was just about to give it up forever when one of the children chanced to come along.

"Why don't you 'look Indian' for it?" he asked.

Before the somebody realized what was meant, down dropped the youngster on the floor, his head and his whole body lying sideways and just as close to the dead level as possible. In this position his eyes roved rapidly over the floor.

"I have it," he shouted presently, and sure enough, right in the middle of the floor, in so plain a place that it had escaped notice, was the missing stick pin. The youngster then explained that "looking Indian" meant putting the head to the ground in order to catch sight of the smallest object between oneself and the horizon.

"They do it on the plains all the time," he said. "That's why they can always tell who's coming. But it works in houses just as well as on the plains. Why, we never lose anything in the nursery nowadays; we just 'look Indian' and find it right off."